

X.

"Drinker is worthy of esteem,
Who plann'd and brought about the scheme
That I this day do see.
May blessings all thy plans attend—
While thou art still the poor man's friend,
Thou art beloved by me.

XI.

"And Preston, too, who takes the care,
May he in all the blessings share,
And always have a friend;
And have a long and prosperous life,
A worthy woman for a wife,
To love and to defend.

XII.

"The workmen who assist to raise
The town, must have a little praise,
And some good wish bestow'd;
May they live long—be good and great—
Be bless'd in person and estate,
And walk the right-hand road."

NO: VII,

The following letter was received too late to be used in the Discourse, but which contains some statements worthy of notice. It was written by a native of this town, who spent his youth in this place:

Gibson, Jan. 20th; 1856.

REV. MR. WHALEY:

DEAR SIR: I have delayed replying to your note, hoping to be able to give the desired information; but, up to this time, have not been able to do so.
* * * By the way, short as my life has been, I

have some recollections of the men of those early times—of Samuel Stanton in particular. Well do I remember accompanying my parents to religious meetings in the barn of Samuel Stanton, somewhere on Belmont Hill. No easy-cushioned seats in those days. We boys were disposed of in the manger, or on the scaffold. Well do I remember that the good matrons of those days—yes, and the young women (no ladies then)—would carefully carry their shoes, when going to meeting, till near the house, before they would put them on. The more favored few, who first came out with wagons of a most *uncomfortable* build—a plain board box upon a stiff, unyielding axle—were then considered aristocratic. In short, the real and pressing wants of the times left no room for indulgence in luxuries. When we go back in imagination, and try to contemplate what our first settlers endured, the thought is interesting and melancholy. For long, long years, they labored on in their wilderness-homes—the deep snows of the dreary winter shutting them out from all communication with the more favored world. Some pressing want compels the father to leave his little family for a season—his stay may be necessarily protracted—sickness visits his little family. For long, long days and weary nights, his companion watches over the sick ones, and with painful anxiety awaits his return. No friendly voice salutes her ear—no physician is at her command. But the actors of those trying times are gone—their history is buried with them. It is well that the little which can be gathered up should be preserved.